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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1910.

The Administration and the Party.

President Taft and his Cabinet, now in Washington for a week's conference, the first since the early summer, coincidently with their attention to public business will naturally have a sort of family discussion of the political situation.

From no other point of view can so good a survey of the political field be had as from Washington. Here the vision is unwarped by things local, and a more accurate perspective is possible.

It is the common saying that from Washington the situation is viewed through the eyes of the administration. This is not true of the impartial or unprejudiced observation. But it is literally true, of course, of a survey made by the President and his Cabinet. What they see will be seen through administration eyes, and it will not be a pleasing or inspiring view at best.

Their survey will reveal the administration party working at cross purposes—a party fairly torn asunder with factional dissensions and conflicting ambitions; a party discredited out of the mouth of its own leaders, and going into a campaign disorganized and inviting a defeat that only a miracle could now forestall. All this is revealed elsewhere; but here the adverse conditions can be seen in their right proportions, and thus be properly appraised.

If the outlook is no brighter than when the President went away, certainly it is no darker. There has been an alignment of conflicting forces in many quarters which has made the situation clearer. By the defeat of ardent champions of the administration in some States and the success of avowed antagonists of the administration in other States the sentiment of the party on issues of the day—especially the tariff—has been authoritatively gauged, and to this preliminary edict the administration has given recognition.

But although unpopular because identified with unpopular tariff legislation, the administration cannot, unlike the party, be truthfully said to be discredited. There has been a steady, growing appreciation of its achievements—a realization of the fact that few administrations in history ever accomplished quite so much in so brief a time in constructive work. Even conventions controlled by insurgent Republicans, while arraigning Congress for its shortcomings touching the tariff, have indorsed the administration for its successful efforts along other lines.

As for President Taft, the sentiment of the country toward him is more sympathetic and friendly to-day than at any time since he took the oath of office. The tone of the press, both East and West, is bespeaking the fullest confidence in him. His speeches at St. Paul and Cincinnati enhanced the high opinion in which he was held as a conservative yet progressive statesman, and he has benefited obviously by the contrast of these speeches with extraordinary utterances heard concurrently.

The Taft administration is infinitely more popular than the Republican party. Every change of the tariff has brought trouble to the administration identified with it, and the Taft administration is faring quite as well as any of its predecessors similarly burdened.

With W. J. Bryan bolting his ticket, there can be no remaining doubt about the spread of insurgency.

Mr. Fairbanks and Conservation.

Former Vice President Fairbanks, who recently returned from an unostentatious trip around the world, was much struck by what he saw of forest preservation in Japan and Germany. In Korea and China he saw the evil results of years of waste and carelessness. Impressed thus by the importance of the subject, and having wealth and leisure and the desire to be of real service, Mr. Fairbanks has headed a movement for the conservation of timber in Indiana and for the reforestation of the waste and unprofitable places in the State.

In a recent interview, the ex-Vice President said Indiana owed it to herself and to the generations yet to come to preserve the valuable resources of the State; to follow the example of the Germans, and to keep to-morrow constantly in mind. He says:

"There are many ways in which we can serve our State and the future, but we can do it in no way so effectually as by growing trees in many places which are little adapted to other uses. It is possible to plant millions of trees in the ninety-two counties of Indiana, which will add millions of dollars annually to our wealth, and in the meantime increase the beauty of the State and the comfort of the people."

At the head of a movement with so laudable an object, Mr. Fairbanks can and will render signal service to his State. He may be sure of the hearty co-operation of the properly constituted officials of Indiana, and he is sure, too, to have behind him the good-will and support of the Indiana people. And it is likely, too, that the fine example Mr. Fairbanks is setting will be followed in other States. Each State in the Union should have such an organization as the former Vice President has set about founding; a strong, unselfish, and vital body, that could expect and obtain valuable help from the government experts, but could, by itself and with its own means, settle the question of conservation. We are most heartily with Mr. Fairbanks when he says:

"We have not yet begun to feel, as fully as we soon shall, the loss of our forests, or to realize what the profligate destruction of our wealth of timber will signify in the future. But we must awaken to the fact that the time is coming—and speedily—when the loss will be emphasized. The time is ripe to take action, so that we may in a measure repair the waste that has taken place, and by systematic education and effort, guard against reckless abuse of the forests that remain."

Secretary Wilson, having discovered that a speech of his had been franked through the mails, promptly reimbursed the government. Now you can see why it is that he has been in the Cabinet thirteen years.

Popular Government.

One of the most encouraging features in recent political developments is the fact that nearly all the important party leaders, irrespective of political faith, now advocate direct primaries in which the rank and file of the voters will choose their candidates for State and national offices.

An honestly managed direct primary system means genuine popular rule, with bosses no longer able to dictate party nominees.

Once the convention system is abolished, if the people do not rule, it is their own fault.

Some thirty States now have direct primary laws, which put the political power where it belongs—in the hands of the people. The people rule in these States. Their interest in political questions and activity in choosing candidates must naturally have a marked effect on the legislation enacted in the Congress which they are to commission this coming November. It is safe to predict that it will more nearly represent the sentiment of American voters than any previous Congress.

In New York State the proposed direct nomination system is not divorced entirely from the convention system, but it is a step in the right direction. The dethronement of the bosses is demanded by the people there and everywhere.

No; it was not the same Bellamy who wrote "Looking Backward."

Representatives Without Pay.

It is plain that in Great Britain they are not yet ready for the great change that would be caused in the House of Commons by having members of Parliament on a salary. It has only been in recent years that a poor man could sit in Parliament, and gradually special interests that desired to be represented in the law-making body have been providing their members with salaries. John Burns is a notable example of a member elected and supported by special interests, but though he entered Parliament as a labor representative, he has been rather won over to the enemy; has abjured socialism, and been given a position in the cabinet at a fat salary. His Battersea constituents have, therefore, withdrawn the salary they were paying him.

Now the English courts have decided that it is illegal for a labor union to use its funds to pay the salary of a member of Parliament. The Labor party has been in the habit of paying its special members, usually educated workingmen, $1,000 a year, besides their campaign and election expenses. The matter was brought into court by a gentleman who declared that he did not sympathize with the objects of the Labor party, and demanded that his contributions should not be used to support a Labor member. The courts sustained this plea, and declared that the objects of the labor unions are to be "regulating the relations between employer and employed," not to fight political battles.

This will prove a serious blow to the Labor party, which will have much difficulty in maintaining its organization. In its ranks it has no members who are able to devote their time to parliamentary work without salary, as members of Parliament in England always have done. The British labor newspapers say that there is only a small minority in the party that objects to the use of union funds to support members of Parliament, a much smaller minority than that which objects to the use of funds of the union to support strikers.

The one hope of the Labor party lies in following the example of the Irish Nationalists, which supports its members in the House of Commons by private subscriptions.

In the middle of the last century one of the demands of the Chartists was that members of Parliament should be paid, but the plea has never yet met with popular approval. If the time should come when salaries are provided for services in Parliament, it is probable that the whole tone of British legislation will be changed; certainly the common people will get more faithful, if, perhaps, less intelligent representation. As it is to-day, the great body of the British House of Commons is made up of men of means, professional men or gentlemen of inherited fortunes. It is impossible not to see that such a body is bound—no matter how honest its individual members may be—to legislate in its own interests, in the interest of the distinct class to which it belongs.

The recent decision and the strange quandary of the Labor party has served to bring the whole subject prominently forward in the public mind, and it is not improbable that the question of paying salaries to members should prove to be a vital question at the next general election.

Miss Billy Burke tripped in her hobble skirt and fell into the arms of her handsome leading man. Yes, ladies; if you will look in our advertising columns you will learn what enterprising Washington firms have them for sale.

If fiction is to be sold by the pound, Mr. Bernard Shaw's books will be found to weigh pretty heavy in the scale.

A New York man refused to marry his girl because she insisted on giggling while the license was being made out. It is probably lucky for her. She would have had little chance to giggle after marriage to a man like that.

"The estimates for the army and navy to be submitted to Congress are to be greatly reduced this year." It seems to us that we have heard this before, just prior to the election period.

The country had almost forgotten who was Postmaster General until those Republican postmasters adopted resolutions praising Frank Hitchcock.

The fashion note that says fall hats will be higher refers both to the hats and the price.

Has anybody received an invitation to the Lorimer vindication dinner?

The government may have to do something about it, after all. A postmistress went short in her account $900 so that she could buy a hobble skirt.

The co-eds of the University of Minnesota used the telephones so much that the faculty had the instruments removed. What in the world are 'phones for?

If Japan's objection to our fortifying the Panama Canal should prevail, it will save us a whole lot of money.

Interest in that Saratoga convention is almost as great as it was a few months ago in that Jeffries-Johnson affair.

A Brooklyn judge rules that "damn" is not profane, but that its use is senseless. Particularly on the stage, we might add.

The greatest race problem that confronts us nowadays is the race for office.

Lillian Russell made a speech before the Dressmakers' Convention in Chicago on "What an actress owes to her dressmaker." Usually we do not find out until the bankruptcy petition is filed.

The loss of Tawney may remind 'em
Standpatism's not sublime;
And the coming years may find 'em
Real progressives—all the time.

The Hon. John W. Kern, who is running against Beveridge out in Indiana, is seriously handicapped by a full set of real whiskers.

Seven cities in Georgia are claiming to be the birthplace of Dr. Woodrow Wilson. The gentleman himself does not care to remember, as he escaped from Georgia early.

Now that we have safely passed the equinox, it is time to hear from J. Ham Lewis.

That convict in New York who has invented an airship should not be denied a chance to test it.

Dr. Winslow, the alienist, says that the world is going mad. Following the example of Uncle Joe, probably.

SELF-MADE "SNAKE" KINNEY.

A Missouri Oracle Who Is Coming to Congress.

From the New York Sun.

The Hon. Thomas C., otherwise known as "Snake," Kinney will probably make his bow in the Sixty-second Congress as a Representative of the Twelfth Missouri district. The present member is Harry Marcy Coudrey, a "clubman" and director of a national bank. Mr. "Snake" Kinney's club is his saloon and his bank is the cash drawer. His evolution was from newsboy to bartender, and upward to saloon owner. He now wants to go to Congress, and as he has been nominated by the Democrats and Representative Coudrey's plurality was only 541 in 1908, when he had to thank Mr. Taft for it, Mr. Kinney will probably realize his ambition. He has served one term in the legislature, and for a St. Louis member he distinguished himself, but not in the usual way. Strange as it may seem, "Snake" Kinney usually voted for good bills.

The success of the saloon-keeping politician is easily accounted for. He has been an individual Tammany Hall, lifting up those who were down and putting money in the pockets of the necessitous. Moreover, his saloon has been a political club, and he has been the oracle. It is said that "Snake" Kinney is "as popular with the millionaire club class as he is with the other sort." There is no use quarreling with the promotion of self-made Mr. Kinney.

Topsy-turvy Politics.

From the Dallas News.

Apropos, not the least remarkable of present-day phenomena is the fact that so many Democratic orators are quoting speeches made by Republicans and so many Republican orators are quoting speeches made by Democrats. Once on a time some one exclaimed, "Where are we at?" which made half the country laugh, while the other half shook its head sorrowfully, deploring the power of the rum demon to confuse men's thoughts. Well, we imagine a man might now ask "Where are we at?" without either evoking the laughter or provoking the charge of inebriety. Certainly there is honest cause of confusion when we hear Democrats quoting Republicans to prove that the Republican party has betrayed the country, and when we hear Republicans quoting the speeches and citing the votes of Democrats to prove that, if the country was betrayed, Democrats contributed largely to the nefarious achievement. It is a topsy-turvy-like state of affairs, which promises that the aspect of political things will be considerably different when affairs get settled.

The Ax.

M. A. P.

Studio Bore (patronizingly)—"I think those thistles in your foreground are superbly realistic, old chap. 'Pon my word, they seem to me to be nodding in the breeze, don't you know!"

Ungrateful Artist—"Yes; I've had one or two people tell me that they would almost deceive an ass!"

What He Is In.

From Harper's Bazar.

Visitor—"So your boy is in college, is he, Mr. Corntossle?"

Farmer—"I can't say exactly. He's in ther ball nine, and in ther rowin' crew, an' in ther jimmayzeeum, an' in ther dommytory, but whether he's ever in ther college is more'n I kin find out by his letters."

His Synonym for "Prophet."

From the Boston Transcript.

Teacher—Now, children, what would you call a person who looks into the future?

Willie—I know, miss—a rubberneck.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE WHOLE STORY.

Frivolity
And jollity
Where arc lights shine.
Vivacity!
Tenacity!
"You must be mine."

Stupidity!
Cupidity!
"I thee endow."
Disparity!
Hilarity!
"Who's looney now?"

After New Players.

"Mrs. Watts-Trumps called on me yesterday."

"You're in luck. She scouts for our leading bridge club."

From His Viewpoint.

Doc, what is the appendicitis like?"

"Well, its like finding money."

The Monotonous Menu.

"I'm tired of nothing but beef, mutton, and chicken."

"Me, too; but what can we do? The okapi, the only really new animal, is too scarce to be of any practical food value."

Turned Down.

A lady tramp knocked at our door,
And seemed quite hurt
When balked in her petition for
A hobble skirt.

Often Happens.

"The union was unhappy from the start."

"I wonder why."

"Well, neither of them really intended to marry the other."

Society Scraps.

"She is a traitress," hissed the corresponding secretary.

"That so?" murmured her husband. "You Revolutionary dames will soon have enough traitresses to form a nice Benedict Arnold chapter."

Endless Effort.

"Do you think the hobble gown will remain long in vogue?"

"If it doesn't, you can cast it aside."

"Yes; but I hate to waste time learning to hobble."

INCONVENIENT LETTERS.

But Mrs. Storer's Latest May Not Hurt the Colonel.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Mark one to the indefatigability of "dear Maria!"

Here she is again, after having been constructively laid out by the "big stick," right back on the job of pulling out inconvenient correspondence on Col. Roosevelt touching a certain little episode between Bellamy, Theodore, and the Vatican.

Far be it from "dear Maria" to use the "shorter and uglier word." That would be unlady-like. It would, moreover, be rather inefficient to the ends "dear Maria" has in view.

So she goes about the more business-like method of digging up the old letters of the colonel, and a few of his distinguished friends, leaving the reader to draw his own inferences according to his partisan preferences or his own peculiar brand of logic.

The merits of the controversy may be one way, and the effects of the controversy quite another.

In the latter respect, it does not appear the reputation of the colonel will sustain any serious impairment.

In a more curious and wholesale degree than any American in public life for many years he has evinced the knack of shedding the penalties of large and little errors with the convincing infallibility of a duck's raincoat.

He has made the normal number of mistakes allotted to the average statesman, but has suffered less from them than any of his predecessors.

Exactly how he does it no one knows, unless the amulet of a universal popularity is potent enough to charm off those major and minor plagues visited alike upon children and politicians.

From the Rome (Ga.) Tribune.

The colonel will probably not appreciate the attempted revival of the dispute. He disposed of the matter, so far as he was concerned, long ago by simply calling everybody else connected with the matter a short and ugly word, and then closing up after the manner of a fly trap. It is not known whether the present agitation by Mrs. Storer will cause him to take any notice. Probably not, as when the colonel settles a matter to his own satisfaction, he does not care anything about the opinions of ordinary mortals. So far as he is concerned, the matter is ended; and he is perfectly sure that he got all the advantages. "Dear Maria" might as well go 'way back and sit down and stay there.

Tales from Over Seas.

From the Chicago News.

King Edward, when he was Prince of Wales, once made a funny mixture of metaphors. In reply to certain inquiries and admonitions he said: "I will do my best to walk in my father's footsteps, which you have held up for my imitation."

When some celebrated pictures of Adam and Eve were put on exhibition a Scotch gardener named Burns was taken to see them. "I think no great things of the painter," said the gardener; "why, man! tempting Adam wi' a pippin of a variety that wasna known until about twenty years ago!"

Children of an infant school in Wales are taught many words by the use of signs. The hand of the teacher sloped signifies "oblique," the hand held flat, "horizontal;" the hand upright, "perpendicular." One of the Welsh bishops was preaching one day in behalf of the school, when, observing several children whispering together, he held his hand upright in a warning manner, meaning thereby to impose silence, on which almost the whole school, in the midst of the sermon, shouted out: "Perpendicular!"

Perfectly Calm.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"Now, remember, William," his wife cautioned when he had found his slipper, "that it is very wrong to punish a child in anger. You must be perfectly calm when you administer the chastisement."

"Oh, I'll be calm all right," he said as he started upstairs, gritting his teeth. "I'll be the calmest man in seven States, but if you attempt to interfere when he begins to yell I'll welt you, too. Confound it, I'm going to show you who's boss around this place!"

Wrong Excuse.

From the Fliegende Blaetter.

"Who has broken the milk jug?"

"The cat knocked that down, madam!"

"What cat?"

"Haven't we got one?"

AMERICANS AT KING GEORGE'S COURT

Ever since the demise of King Edward speculation has been rife as to the fate of American women, socially, at King George's court, and the feeling seems to prevail that they will not be so conspicuous at the present British court. Of course, there will be exceptions, and one of these will be made, no doubt, in the case of one of the three famous Yznaga sisters, Lady Lister-Kay, wife of the groom-in-waiting to the late King, and a close personal friend of King George, and who not only has been an especial favorite of the Dowager Queen Alexandra, but who enjoys the distinction of being on quite intimate terms with the present rulers, who, as Prince and Princess of Wales, spent many pleasant hours at her home in Manchester Square.

Lady Lister-Kay is the youngest of the three Yznaga sisters, all of whom have been at the forefront of all things social in the royal set. The late Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, Consuelo Yznaga, for whom Consuelo Vanderbilt, the present Duchess of Marlborough, was named, was one of the most highly esteemed personal confidantes of King Edward for many years, and, what is more, she was beloved by Queen Alexandra also.

There is a friendship still closer between the present Queen and Lady Lister-Kay, and the royal children are devoted to her, especially Princess Mary and Prince John. And it is said of her that she had the tact to make both Queen Alexandra and the present Queen, Mary, her friends, which in itself was very unusual, as these two have very few friends in common. Perhaps it was her naturalness and her delightful rendering of negro melodies, accompanying herself on the banjo, which fascinated the late king and was the ultimate means of a friendship that outlasted many others and which even included the then princely pair of Wales.

Lady Lister-Kay's husband, Sir John, has farmed in Canada and California. He is close on to sixty and has been a great traveler. Recently he has been interested in big ventures in China. The Lister-Kays were married in New York in 1881. Their only child died in infancy, and the heir presumptive to the baronetcy is Cecil Edmund Lister-Kay, master of Denby Grange, Wakefield; born in 1854, and who, in 1880, married the Lady Beatrice Adeline, daughter of the sixth Duke of Newcastle, and sister to the present duke and Lord Francis Hope.

In Washington diplomatic circles it is no secret that the King of Sweden has recalled his Minister to the United States, M. de Lagercrantz, to make him secretary of commerce of the Stockholm government. That sounds sensible, and logical, also. For it must be remembered that M. de Lagercrantz, whose mission here was the first one he ever had in a diplomatic way, was nothing if not a representative of commerce, being himself at the head of one of the largest iron industries of his native land, enjoying the distinction of being the only manufacturer of piano wire in the world.

Sweden has many interests in this country, and they are all of an industrial nature. The Stockholm government has watched for years the progress made by the Scandinavians who emigrated to America, and was not slow to profit by it. Sweden is hard at work to make the native land as profitable to its sturdy sons as the latter found this country. It is bending all its energies to increase its industries and install progress on its farms, some of which—those sheltered from the icy and long winter storms of the northern fjords by the mountain chain which almost divides the Scandinavian peninsula—are fertile, and can be made much more so.

What was more natural than that the government, first of all, should begin by sending a man to this shore who is a thorough business man, and who could quickly absorb commercial reforms and put them into practice at home. And as a result, Lagercrantz was the choice.

It will be remembered that all the public speeches made by that gentleman in this country were of a commercial tint and tone, so much so that here and there it was hinted in the press that M. de Lagercrantz would become persona non grata if he persisted. And when they thought at Stockholm that the time was ripe, he was "recalled," and now will put to good use all he saw and learned here. Of course, officially and in a strict diplomatic sense, the minister was not recalled, but his leaving virtually amounts to the same thing when judged in a practical businesslike way.

The ex-diplomat has had an adventurous career. Born in Sweden, he became an officer in a crack cavalry regiment. While in Stockholm he fell under the influence of a street preacher of the Salvation Army, resigned his commission and enlisted with the Salvationists. For years he and his wife worked in the slums of London. Later he was sent to East India, where he rose to be a colonel in Gen. Booth's army. Returning to Sweden, he started to make piano wire. It was never understood at the State Department just why Sweden sent a diplomatically inexperienced man as its representative to a country of the importance of the United States, unless on account of our commercial magnitude.

One thing posterity will appreciate in the life of Queen Alexandra—she never interfered in national affairs of moment. Those who know her will refer to her as "Alexandra the Good." It is pathetic to contemplate the former Queen's future. Much of her time probably will be passed in Denmark, her native land, where her summer residence on Klampenborg Bay awaits her. Here she will be joined by her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, whose life has been one of continued worry and sorrow.

Queen Alexandra has preserved King Edward's rooms at Sandringham in the same condition they were in during his lifetime. In this way again her grief is shown for the rooms of the Duke of Clarence, her first-born, which remain to this day as they were before he died in 1892. Every day when at Sandringham Alexandra goes from room to room to make sure that her wishes are fulfilled.

Princess Victoria's condition is causing her mother, Dowager Queen Alexandra, great anxiety also. The princess is subject to fits of despondency, which are becoming more and more frequent, resisting every expedient in the way of change of scene and cheerful company to alleviate them. She now is at Harrowgate with several companions and a couple of nurses, who never leave her out of sight. They find it increasingly difficult to interest her in anything. Leading nerve specialists have been consulted.

She is the only one of King Edward's daughters who is single, the eldest being the Duchess of Fife and the youngest Queen of Norway.

FLANEUR.

THE MAN WHO WAS.

Two Pictures of Dr. Cook and a Study of the Man Himself.

From the Denver Times.

There is a certain man who, though dead, yet lives. There lives a man who, though not an exile, has no home. There is a man who goes skulking in fear over the earth. A familiar face would terrify him. A kindly word would stun him. Along the coast of Greenland a vessel is creeping toward the Northern ice fields with this man. His goal is Etah, on the upper edge of Greenland, not far from the North pole. Hidden there, he says, are scrolls which will transmute his tarnished name to gold. Somewhere, sometime, somehow he must live in harmony among his fellowmen, but now he is going to a bleak land because of utter loneliness. Until yesterday Dr. Cook had been lost to the world. From Copenhagen came word that the yacht Beauty was spoken off Greenland and that he was aboard. He sent no personal message; he was not seen. But word was flashed around the globe that he is going for his "proofs." Whatever the motive, whether despair or hope, cowardice or courage, Dr. Cook is again threading his way toward the friendly Eskimo. A long, stern journey; what will he find?

Dr. Cook stands as a sign across the head of the world. Napoleon on the crags of St. Helena was not half so forlorn a figure. How different from Dr. Cook drinking in his glory. He was a strongly-knit man, slightly above medium height. Broad-shouldered, firm-jawed, kindly-eyed—the personification of sincerity. Seared by the winds, hardened by the arctic cold and the salt of the sea, he appeared a man of realities. An extreme backward tilt to his head and shoulders marked him as an egotist. Vainglory was in his stride. But he had dignity. He bridled his tongue and without saying a word won millions of sympathizers. Daily he faced a battery of questions and accusations—"Commander Peary says you are a faker. A Columbia professor says you never scaled Mount McKinley. A scientific society demands that you submit your records. An Eskimo told Commander Peary you were never out of sight of land. What have you to say?" Invariably the answer was the same: "Wait! I have my proofs. They will speak for me. Give me time to arrange my diary and records. Wait!" The world knows what the wait brought.

There are two pictures of Dr. Cook. One, wreathed in roses, smiling amid the plaudits of thousands as he landed on a bright morning in New York Bay; the other, with cap pulled own on his eyes, step halting, denying his identity. How close to enduring fame was this man! His judgment of men was poor. He sought aid of incompetents. Possession of greater scientific knowledge may have forced the world to believe him. It was ready to do so. The rough onslaught of the roughened Peary made a place in the hearts of the people for Dr. Cook. They wanted him as their hero, but they could not worship tinsel. Dr. Cook was no doubt a charlatan, but a charlatan with imagination. He had many natural gifts, but they could not sustain him when he could not establish his integrity. Bon voyage, Dr. Cook.

SEEN BY COLORED PUPILS.

Reno Films Shown at Moundsville After School Lets Out.

From the Wheeling Intelligencer.

At Moundsville occurred yesterday afternoon an interesting incident that has probably not been duplicated at any other town in the country, when the colored school was dismissed before the usual time in order that the pupils might have an opportunity to witness the moving pictures of the Johnson-Jeffries fight. The pupils marched to the Orpheum Theater in a body, and were placed in specially reserved seats. They appeared to enjoy the performance very much.

While no serious objection could be made to the procedure by the average person, the incident affords a subject for thought in that it brings out prominently the great influence exerted on the minds of colored people by the historic conflict. Whether this influence is for good or bad depends largely on the individual. The object of Prof. Page in permitting the children to witness the pictures was not to give them the pleasure of seeing a reproduction of a white man beaten by a black man, but to impress on them the fact that a black man may, if he will, attain excellence in his chosen calling, and to encourage them to seek to be among the best in whatever they may undertake.

LION AND THE LAMB.

A Southern View of the President and ex-President.

From the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

That the Taft-Roosevelt feud affords a spectacle the American people had never dreamed of. For the first time, since he sat at the feet of Platt and learned, the courageous colonel finds himself cowering before the mighty and pleading for compassion. There is both pathos and humor in such a spectacle. Haughty, confident, heartless, and ungenerous on his Westeren tour, the dashing hero of many an imaginary battlefield, where trusts were the enemy, skimmed about on the thin, high edge of the glory he tried to garner but failed. He forgot to pin a rose on the lapel of his charge, thinking not that he might want a rose himself when his began to shed.

But, on returning to his original base, he found that the roar of the lion had lost much of its terrors for the multitude, and that the sweet and gentle bleat of the lamb was a blessing not to be scoffed at. This bleat he sought, and in the seeking we can imagine these words, somewhat paraphrased, fell from the once tightly drawn, but now whimpering lips:

William, I did not think to shed a tear.
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far, hear me, William,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more shall be heard of, say I taught thee,
&c., et. "cetery."

William chuckled, and attempted to stroke his beard only to find he didn't have any. He merely said, "Um-huh-um! Call around again, Teddy, when I'm not so busy, and I'll see what I can do for you."

Both Envious.

From the Chicago Daily News.

"There goes a man I envy," remarked Wedderly, "and strange to say, he also envies me."

"What's the explanation?" queried the party of the other part.

"We were both in love with the same woman," answered Wedderly as he permitted an open-faced sigh to escape; "and—and I married her."

Specialization.

From the Fliegende Blaetter.

Doctor—What can I do for you?

Patient—I have cut my index finger.

Doctor—Very sorry. But I am a specialist on the middle finger.

AT THE HOTELS.

Strangers in Paris are watched and their acts are recorded, according to Joseph L. Donnelly, a private detective, of New York and Paris, who was seen at the New Willard, and who is on his way to Panama. Speaking of the detectives of the French capital, Mr. Donnelly said:

"Most of the agents of the 'surete' are old soldiers, honorable men. They are supplemented by a band of quasi police known as indicateurs. These people are permanent auxiliaries of the service, recruited among the street fakers and masterless rogues who foregather in Paris.

"Behind these humdrum agents," continued Mr. Donnelly, "and gloomy outcasts there is a mighty and mysterious 'secret police,' about which not one Parisian in a hundred has definite knowledge. The real secret police to-day, as under the empire, is known as the brigade des recherces—that is, the brigade of investigation. The members of this force are recruited from a far higher rank of society than the fellows of the surete. Indeed, there is no class which does not contribute to this system of espionage.

"A foreigner in Paris," said Mr. Donnelly, "if he associate frequently with people of importance, comes in time to know them well. They follow him in his comings and goings, report upon his acts and opinions, and sift his life with a care unknown in our republic. One of those who were sent out on the trail of one of my friends I came to know well. It was funny how they watched him and I watched them. What he was suspected of I do not know, though during the troublous days of the Dreyfus case he fraternized with many men—one of whom was the Comte du Temple, an ex-deputy and an aggressive royalist. Anyway, my friend's spy and I came to know each other well. He played a good game of billiards and was a companionable gentleman.

"If our secret service system were as scientifically managed and carried out as that of most foreign countries, many crimes would be detected in the making and their consummation prevented. I am of the decided opinion that the President of the United States should be most strictly guarded against would-be assassins and cranks, regardless of what may be said against the idea of surrounding the head of this republic with a guard of detectives."

George I. Dickinson, of Chicago, a lawyer, who is at the Arlington, said last night that the days of the standpatters are counted. "This is an age of progress and of purifying the politics of the country. It is the day of discarding those who have managed the affairs of the country and thereby constituted themselves a close corporation in doing so. The most important questions concerning the interests of the business world of this country have been intrusted to the hands of maybe a half dozen or ten men in Congress, whose word was the law of the land, no matter what the people said. The breaking up of this circle, the smashing of this close corporation, is an accomplished fact. The people, through their representatives in Congress, will have a louder voice hereafter, and when the direct primary law and the initiative and referendum have been placed on the statute books of the United States, the voice of the people will indeed be 'vox Dei.' Those who are now trying everywhere to hold back the avalanche of progress and reform will be buried under it, and will not be heard of in the future.

"No matter whether Roosevelt will ever again be President of the United States or not; no matter whether he has made mistakes in attacking the United States Supreme Court, or whether he erred in announcing his New Nationalism, it is an undeniable fact that he has awakened the people of this country to a more thorough realization of the dangers which threatened their constitutional rights. His doctrine of progress will be the slogan of the Republican and Democratic parties, and will win out in the end. We ought to have more men like Roosevelt."

The effort of John Barry Ryan, of New York, to organize an aeronautic reserve which in time of war shall volunteer their services is a highly patriotic one, according to Maj. H. G. Hart, of Burlington, Vt., who is at the Riggs. "Mr. Ryan is a weathy young man," said Maj. Hart, "and is an exception to many young men of his class, who spend and waste their time at the club or at social functions. Mr. Ryan evidently is imbued with the practical spirit of his father, whose success as a business man and financier is due to the fact that he made the most of his time. If our wealthy young men would only take up something which would be of benefit to the country, there would be less scandal, fewer divorces, fewer soul mate and affinity cases, fewer elopements, and fewer bank wreckings.

"Mr. Ryan is a patriot and a far-seeing young man. It is a wonder that his idea of an aeronautic reserve had not occurred long before this to members of the army who have been intrusted with this special arm of defense. It remains for a civilian to organize a most valuable branch of the army and navy, and it does not speak well for either of these services that the idea of this movement did not emanate from them. Mr. Ryan's idea of establishing a school at Washington is good. Washington is the logical place for an institution of this kind. With the headquarters of the army and navy and other government departments here, and the city itself becoming of greater importance every day, a better place could not be selected."

Young Taft Goes to Harvard.

From the New Haven Times-Leader.

Yale men to-day are surprised over the announcement that "Bob" Taft is to enter Harvard law school.

"Bob" graduated from Yale academical department last year. His father is a Yale graduate and member of Yale corporation, hence there is great surprise that "Bob" has sought another university to finish his professional education.

Three of the most prominent members of the senior class of the Yale academic department last June have decided to enter the Harvard law school this fall.

They are Robert Alphonso Taft, son of the President; Stephen Philbin, son of the former New York district attorney, and Ruthven Wodell. Philbin captained the Yale baseball team and Wodell the crew, last season. Taft led his class in scholarship and tried for the 'varsity crew for two seasons.

The trio will room together in Winthrop Hall, where the Yale squad sent annually from the academic department to the Harvard professional schools is quartered. Philbin has gone to Beverly to be the guest of young Taft till the fall term opens at Harvard.

Yale's law school, under the leadership of Dean Rogers, has become one of the best schools of its kind in the country, and it is a surprise that the President's son is going elsewhere.